

The contention of the two famous Houses,

That robs and murders silly passengers,
I torturd aboue the rate of common law.

Suff. Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason heere,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

King. Good vnckle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

Hum. Ah gracious *Henry*, these dayes are dangerous
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moodes for good King *Henries* sake.
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me.
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords fiery eyes shewes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewtraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged *Yorke* that leuels at the Moone,
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioyn'd to betray me thus:

And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne Mistresse,
Causlesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

Suff. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,
As if that she with ignominious wrong,
Had suborn'd or hired some to sweare against his life.

Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

Hum. Far truer spoke then meant, I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners hearts, they play me false.

Buck. Heele wrest the sence, and keepe vs here al day
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Car. Who's within there? Take in Duke Humfrey,

And

Yorke and Lancaster.

And see him garded sure within my house.

Hum. Oh, thus King *Henry* casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first,
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.

Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.

King. My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem best
Do and vndo as if our selfe were heere.

Qu. What, wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with grieffe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

Exit King, Salisbury and Warwicke.

Qu. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset.

Let vs consult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safety of our King and Common-wealth.

Suff. And so thinke I Madam, for as you know,
If our King *Henry* had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humfrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should liue.

Yorke. No, let him die, in that he is a Fox,
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in armes for him.

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suff. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. How now sirra, what newes?

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